

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

FROM ALL AROUND THE CITY.

Current Local Events of the Day Briefly Told.

**Sites of Facts and Gossip Gathered on the Streets by Times Reporters—Points Political, Social and General Happening Yesterday.**

**Nine Dollar Fines.**  
Fines aggregating nine dollars were imposed on law breakers yesterday morning by Police Justice Williams.

**Old Carriage Tax.**  
The owners of 119 wagons paid carriage tax at the market house yesterday morning. The revenue from that source amounted to \$19.85.

**Mary Didn't Steal.**  
Mary Clark, colored, who was charged with stealing a dress from Mrs. Rudwig, was dismissed yesterday by the police justice. Mary proved that she bought the dress from a colored woman.

**A Birthday Party.**  
There was a pleasant social gathering Tuesday night at the residence of Miss Stella Stras, on Thirteenth avenue s. w. The party was given in honor of the birthday of Miss Willingham, of Macon, Ga., who is visiting Miss Stras.

**To Attend Conference.**  
Acting Secretary Townsend of the Y. M. C. A. left yesterday afternoon for Tazewell Court House to attend the New Lebanon Baptist Association which convenes there to day. Mr. Townsend went in the interest of the Baptist Orphanage at Salem.

**Charged With Stealing a Gun.**  
Oke Russell, colored, of Davenport, was arrested yesterday on the charge of stealing a revolver from Art Mead. The accused will have an opportunity of explaining away the charge, if he can, before Police Justice Williams this morning.

**Trip to McAfee's Knob.**  
T. H. Houston and wife, N. N. Traynam and wife, Mrs. Dr. Bannister, Miss Mary Saunders, of Philadelphia, and Alvin Mundy, of Buchanan, spent yesterday on McAfee's Knob. The party returned to the city about 6 o'clock and reported having had a pleasant trip.

**Revival at Mount Pleasant.**  
Messrs. T. T. Fishburne and W. D. Griffin are conducting a successful revival meeting at Mount Pleasant Church on Ballabach. There has been about fifty conversions and much interest manifested. The meetings will be carried on until Friday night and possibly longer.

**Killed by the Cars.**  
On Thursday morning, near Mount Holly Springs, Pa., William Coover was killed by being run over by a freight train. He boarded the train to ride to Holly, and in getting off lost his balance. He fell across the track and several cars passed over him, cutting one leg off near the thigh and otherwise injuring him so that death was almost instantaneous. The deceased was 17 years of age, and was a nephew of Frank Shade, of this city.

**To Attend the Convention.**  
Rev. D. C. Moomaw, J. M. Gambill, B. Lacy Hoge and C. A. Pillsbury went to Lynchburg yesterday to attend the joint convention of the Populist and prohibition parties in this district. A mass meeting of the prohibitionists was held yesterday afternoon. To day a joint convention of the two parties will be held and to morrow the convention to nominate a candidate for Congress. The delegates from this city had formed no idea who the nominee would be.

**STOP! HAVE A LOOK.**  
An invitation of which several hundreds availed themselves.

Snyder & MacBain, the dry goods merchants on Salem avenue, have the true metropolitan plan of attracting attention to their low prices. Last week hundreds of people were attracted to their special sale of corsets by the device of having the display window covered, with the exception of a small peek or observation hole, through which passers-by were invited to "Stop! have a look."

The firm have one of the most tasty window decorators in the South, and last night he was arranging a display of linens.

**Summer Vacation Tours.**  
The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio river a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent postpaid, upon receipt of ten cents, by Chas. O. Scull, general passenger agent, Baltimore and Ohio railroad, Baltimore.

There is an iron fence in Ohio that has been in position for more than one hundred years. It is as good to-day as the day it was set. The Cushman Iron Company can make you one that is just as good and look ten times better.

**RECOMMEND Johnson's Magnetic Oil** for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises, lame back; it quickly relieves pain. Christian & Barbee's.

If you want a little brick work done this summer at surprisingly cheap rates, call on the Virginia Brick Company, Times office.

### HELMONT SEMINARY.

#### A School Furnishing Young Ladies Exceptional Advantages.

The flourishing condition of the Belmont Seminary, at Bedford City, is attracting attention in the educational world. Although there has been but four sessions since the school was organized, it has become widely known because of its peculiar advantages, and the attendance has increased steadily. The healthful location of the seminary, in a belt of equable temperature, with the shady groves, quiet nooks and arbors for study, perfect sanitation of the buildings, and the ability of the instructors, makes it one of the most, if not the most, desirable institution of learning in the South. Last session there was not a single case of illness among the young lady students.

Prof. James K. Guy, the principal, is an able instructor, with an enviable reputation as a teacher of many years' experience. Prof. Guy is one of those rarely gifted instructors who understands the true method of imparting knowledge and awakening an enthusiasm among the scholars. He has the assistance of a corps of able assistants, whom he has carefully selected from among the noted teachers of the country.

The musical department has been placed in charge of Prof. H. H. Haas, L. D., formerly of Heidelberg University of Germany, and it is being conducted upon the plans employed in the noted conservatories of the world. While music is given much attention other branches of study are not neglected.

### FOR LOVERS OF AMUSEMENT.

#### Al. Field's Minstrels Are Surely Grand Entertainers—Bobby Gaylor To-night.

Theater-goers and lovers of fun had a treat last night at the Academy of Music. Field's Minstrels gave a performance and the people of Roanoke had an occasion to witness what New York has applauded.

The audience was made happy from the rise of the curtain, and the only regret was that the performance could not have continued much longer. The house was well filled and pretty ladies in handsome costumes vied with their escorts in their efforts to recall the artists.

Al. Field was great. The entire company was great. The songs were good and the witticisms new. To-night Bobby Gaylor and his great company, reinforced since last season by living pictures and additional specialties, will perform at the Academy.

### BONSACK LOCALS.

Miss Alma Woodson, who has been visiting her uncle, W. D. Woodson, has returned to her home in Amherst county.

Mrs. Henry C. Musser, of Rowenna, Penn., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Plaine.

J. A. Jeter left yesterday for Norfolk, where he will represent Bonsack Bros., the Roanoke Clothing Manufacturers.

John Davis, who for more than a year has been a great sufferer from stomach trouble, is reported dangerously ill.

E. S. Fry, manager of the Agnes mica mines, of Spruce Pine, N. C., is visiting his old home at Coyner's Springs.

Miss Elise Featherstone and Mrs. Kate Gholson have returned from New York.

W. H. Stanley, of Lynchburg, was in town this week visiting friends.

The tomato crop in the uplands is good while rich bottom lands afford but poor yields.

The extremely low price of wheat is creating a great demand for rye for sowing this fall.

Miss Mattie Taylor, of Salem, who has been visiting Miss Bonsack, has returned home.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bonsack, of Radford, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. M. Jones.

T. O. Parker and wife, of Washington city, have returned.

Major Oley's nomination is received with satisfaction here.

### For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

### Academy of Music-

## To-night.

ROBERT GAYLOR,

Presenting His Success,

Sport

McAllister,

One of the 400,

WITH THE

ORIGINAL

LIVING

PICTURES

FROM EMPIRE THEATRE, LONDON.

### LOST LOVE.

Who wins his love shall lose her,  
Who loses her shall gain,  
For still the spirit woos her,  
A soul without a stain,  
And memory still pursues her  
With longings not in vain.

He loses her who gains her,  
Who watches day by day  
The dust of time that stains her,  
The griefs that leave her gray,  
The flesh that yet enchains her,  
Whose grace hath passed away.

Oh! happier he who gains not,  
The love some seem to gain;  
The joy that custom stains not,  
Still left with him remain,  
The fondness that wanes not,  
The love that ne'er can wane.

He dreams she grows not older  
The lands of dream among,  
Though all the world was colder,  
Though all the songs he sung,  
In dreams doth he behold her,  
Still fair and kind and young.

—"Ban and Arriere Ban," Andrew Lang.

### CRANDALL'S ESCAPE.

The prison stands upon a little elevated stretch of ground, its tall trees and trim, green yard contrasting with the dreary barrenness of the low, sagebrush covered hills which lie about it in all directions. Young Paddock, who had been sent by his paper to report anything of interest concerning Crandall's escape, drove up over the dusty road and alighted at the great barred doors. He found to his disappointment that the warden and his posse were still out on the hills, and he sat down with a bored air upon a bench in front of the low stone building to await their return.

The day was warm and bright, the sun beaming broadly down from the clear Nevada sky. It was so still that the sound of the bells on a mule train passing just beyond the stone walls sounded dreamily through the lazy summer morning long after the heavy wagons were out of sight. Paddock was almost dozing when a man in stripes approached.

"Mr. Jarrett wants to know, sir, if you'd care to see the men turned out in the yard."

Paddock rose lazily. "Why, yes—I guess so. You?"

"I'm a trustee, you know," the man said, with a half laugh. "I unlock the inside gate. Please come this way."

They passed the outer gate, through the corridor, and then came to the tall barred door through which the convicts pass after each meal. Here Jarrett joined them.

He was a tall, burly man, with great heavy shoulders, a massive head, and quick, keen eyes. They stood on one side while the men filed out, numbered, and at the clang of a bell slowly dispersed in all directions over the great stonyard.

"You see," Jarrett remarked, striding ahead of the reporter, "the yard's a quarry guarded on three sides by natural stone walls. On the fourth—well, here's where Crandall had hidden his gun. Here's where he crept up the earth wall. Here's where my shot caught him. In the shoulder, I think. But the man's got the luck of satan to back up his courage, for a general break of the men on this side followed."

We settled them pretty quick," Crandall—oh, what's the use of talking of these things? They just happen, and I'm bluffed if I know who's to blame."

He turned away, swearing under his breath. Paddock's languor had all disappeared back here, where the men, with listless, lagging step, crept around the sun baked stonyard. They were like so much locked up capital, which the state's hard times had condemned to heartbreaking idleness. Being denied the privilege of occupation, they talked indifferently among themselves, becoming dumb and watchful at the guard's approach, or tended their little gardens which the unwearied, laborious patience of long, monotonous years had built up in the corner of the rock. Here, in the most sheltered spot, which even the bitter mountain storms had spared, was one little plot of green which more than the others attracted Paddock's attention, for the vines and bushes were fresh and thrifty, the few vegetables were crisp and flourishing, and the graceful morning glories and sweet peas, aided by the unpainted trellises and much knotted string, clambered high up on the rocky walls.

"Yes," said Jarrett ungraciously, "the 'lucky garden' is a pretty spot, but it'll be a—d—d unlucky for the next man who tries Crandall's trick."

"This was his garden?"

Jarrett nodded. "It took him three months to get enough earth to make the bed on the rock, and the winter had come by the time he'd managed to get it fenced in. But he took more pride in this bit of green. He knew every blade of grass, and not a bud could be picked without his notice. 'Course none of the 'cons' would touch a thing, but we've visitors sometimes that haven't sense enough to be out of jail. Yon's the linnet Crandall trapped."

He lifted the clumsily fashioned wooden cage from its place among the vines, but nothing moved inside.

"Hey, Jack!" Jarrett called to one of the men, who came limping up. He touched his old hat.

"Where's Crandall's linnet?"

"It got away," said the man hesitatingly.

"Got away, did it?" repeated Jarrett.

"When?"

"Don't know. When I took the garden for the plants were a most dead for winter—I lifted the paper Crandall always pinned over the cage to keep the hot sun off, expectin' to see the mad thing dash its silly red head agin the bars and shriek till its throat was hoarse. But the bird was gone."

Jarrett nodded understandingly.

"Crandall set the bird loose before he made his break, I'll swear. Wish I'd a-known it," he said to the young man after they had turned to re-enter the prison.

They passed through the cells till they came to the one the murderer had occupied. It seemed to the young man that the small, compact dens were tainted, in spite of the rigorous, institutional cleanliness. He gasped and grew faint. He followed Jarrett eagerly out of the inclosure and drew a long free breath when they were once more in the open. But, being young and rather inexperienced, he was ashamed of his emotion, and what was worse to him, afraid that it had been remarked. Assuming an air of ferocity, he turned his boyish, good natured face to the guard and said in his most offhand manner:

"It's tough that the posse had left before I came. I'd liked mighty well to get a look at the fellow."

"Ho!" laughed Jarrett. "You'd like to be with the posse? Well, that'll be easy enough. Look yonder." He pointed out toward the long, white, dusty road. "They come some of them now. If they haven't

got Crandall—and I'll bet the prettiest new six shooter you ever saw they haven't—you can join our party, which'll leave in an hour or so."

They advanced to meet the group of men, who, still far off, threw out empty hands and shook their heads discouragingly.

"Why didn't you bring him along?" shouted Jarrett, grinning.

But the men were worn out with their long tramp over the hills. Tired and sleepy, their sense of humor could not be counted upon. One of them answered Jarrett's question with a gesture—lips pursed, eyebrows raised and palms turned upward. Another gave an inappreciative grunt as he passed on toward the prison. The third stopped just long enough to deliver his message.

"Say, Jarrett, warden says you're to join him at the lower end of Plate canyon. You're to bring two guards with you and to start's son's Mr. Franks comes back from town to take charge."

"That'll be in half an hour. All right." He nodded to the man, who passed on wearily. "Now," he continued, turning to Paddock, "do you really want to come?"

"Do I?"

"We'll take a little lunch in a big hurry, get our guns—I'll show you that new one—and start."

The sun was setting when they reached Plate canyon. They had seen no trace of the warden's camp, but as they began the ascent of the ravine a man came out to meet them. Paddock's heart beat madly. His desire for excitement and peril was curiously confused with natural sympathy for the under man in the fight. But the stranger proved to be a guard, stationed there to direct the reinforcements farther up the canyon, whither a clow had guided the warden and his party. So they pressed on, leaving their horses in the man's care at the foot of the ridge, for the sides of the mountain sloped steeply. Conversation became difficult as they climbed, and they talked on in silence till they had reached the summit and found the party.

"We've got him this time," were the white haired warden's first words, his fine, benevolent face glowing in triumph. "He camped on this very spot last night. Burns and Davis are out now. If they don't find him, you and I'll do the business, Jarrett."

He threw back his handsome head, smiling pleasantly.

They threw themselves upon the ground to rest, and the warden began to give to the reporter the particulars of the escape. He was interrupted by the arrival of the two guards. They had found nothing.

"Well, Jarrett, you, Wilson, Bennett and this young fellow, if he wants to, come along with me. They took the trail up the mountain. We'll just climb over the hill yonder. On the other side the brush is thick, with the trail toward Hatton's ranch not far off. There we'll find Crandall if I'm not much mistaken."

Soon they were ready. The warden's enthusiasm had communicated itself to his companions. Jarrett examined his new, long revolver lovingly, for "Crandall isn't the man to go back for life without a fight." Wilson and Bennett marched on grimly, watching every bush, and Paddock followed, his brain in a whirl of excitement. The long twilight of the summer's day had passed. In the dark, warm night they walked on softly, speaking only in whispers.

The young man's conflicting sentiments had yielded by this time to the expectation, the vigilant enthusiasm of the rest of the party. Jarrett's rifle, which the reporter had taken for a moment while the former examined his pistol, he held unconsciously now with a firm grasp. His nerves were so strained that the slightest noise came to him like a shock.

When Jarrett touched him upon the shoulder to tell him that the warden had called a halt, he jumped nervously. Jarrett's lips curled beneath his heavy, dark red mustache. Under cover of the darkness he did not try to conceal the gleam of contempt in his small, keen eyes.

"We're hot on the trail," he whispered to Wilson. "Warden, Bennett, and I'll go on down the ravine. He's pointing to Paddock—'had better stay here with you while you watch. He'll do less damage here than with us. A shot from us, and from you'll be the signal that Crandall's found."

He had spoken with his mouth close to the guard's ear.

Wilson and Paddock stood in silence, watching till the warden's party had disappeared. For a long time they waited, expecting every moment to hear the signal. The young man's nervous trembling had passed away. He was eager for the conflict. The softer sentiments had vanished. Only the savage in him remained and longed for battle.

After a time he could no longer bear inaction. He envied the guard his sentry's duty, which gave him the liberty of pacing up and down. The moon was just rising. Rocks and bushes took queer shapes in the dim light, and from behind any of them Crandall might be lurking. With a nod to the guard, the young man turned and climbed to the top of the hill. Far down a glimmer of light from the broad moonlight tipped the shining barrel of Jarrett's pistol, which doubtless he held cocked in his hand. The warden and his two men were creeping cautiously along.

Paddock stood awhile. Then, rounding a turn in the twisting trail, suddenly he came upon the murderer crouched behind a great rock, his eyes bent upon the same gleam of steel that had attracted Paddock's attention.

"There's your hands!" Paddock commanded, his young voice vibrating with triumph. Suddenly, remembering Jarrett's rifle, which he had forgotten in his excitement, he covered the man before him.

Surprised at this unexpected assault in the rear, the man jumped, turned, bent for his gun—then obeyed. The defiance in his haggard face yielded to a despairing consciousness of defeat.

They stood thus for a minute, the convict braced against the towering rock, one hand above his head, the other bound in dirty cloth hanging limp at his side.

But as the young man's eyes met those of the snarling, hunted one, only the rifle's length away, suddenly his other self awoke. Gradually his ordinary point of view presented itself. He had intended to be simply a spectator. What personal or official resentment had he to gratify? His most powerful feeling for the dusky silence was one of astonishment to find himself in such a position.

He shifted the rifle.

Crandall looked at him inquiringly.

The young man reddened with embarrassment. He laughed shortly, confusedly, lowered his rifle and walked off, leaving the convict still standing, one hand above his head, almost petrified with astonishment.

Suddenly awakening from his amazement to the danger of his position, Crandall glanced quickly to either side. Then he made for the brush and disappeared.—Afra Yorke in Argonaut.

### ANGELIC TEMPER.

A CARLOAD OF TRAVELERS AND NOT A KICKER AMONG THEM.

They Had to Change Sleepers in the Middle of the Night, and Yet They Remained Good Humored—This Was an Exceptional Party, Even For Americans.

"Although Americans have the reputation of being born kickers," said the traveler, "once in awhile they give surprising exhibitions of philosophy and good nature."

"On a hot night I started on a trip up the state. I had been careful to engage my berth in the morning and had selected it in the center of the car, so I felt assured that I would be reasonably comfortable. It so happened that travel was heavy that night, and my car was crowded. To my great disgust, too, it was a very old car. I am too old a traveler to fret, however, and I went into the smoker with a calm mind. The train rolled out, and soon the porter began to make up the beds. We all turned in early, and I was in my berth before the train had got far beyond Mott Haven."

"I adjusted everything carefully, removed all my clothes, donned some nice cool pajamas and lay back on my pillow sleepily. I had just begun to doze off when I was aroused by a queer, rumbling noise. It sounded as though something was the matter with the running gear. I listened for awhile and then closed my eyes again, thinking perhaps that the noise would stop. It didn't, though, and presently others appeared to be disturbed also. Heads were poked out between the curtains, and passengers asked each other what the trouble was. The porter was summoned and interrogated, but he knew nothing that could enlighten us and said he was sure it was nothing serious. By and by some of the calmer spirits like myself felt reassured and dropped off to sleep in spite of the noise and jolting."

"I was in the midst of a dream about falling elevators and similar pleasant fancies when I was awakened by somebody yanking at my arm. It was the porter."

"I am sorry to trouble you, boss," he said, "but one of the wheels on this car has gone wrong, and the conductor is afraid we will have a smashup if we don't take the car off. You'll have to get up and get out, for we are going to run this car into the shop and put on another."

"Naturally I felt a little annoyed. When a man is sleepy, he doesn't like to be told he has got to get up and dress and fuss and bother. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to sleep in a stuffy car on a hot night anyhow, and interruptions are not apt to compose the mind. However, there was no use of kicking, and so I got up and dressed as quickly as I could, gathered my traps together and prepared to move. The car was full of people in various stages of undress, and it took some little time to clear them all out so that the car could be taken off the train. We found ourselves at Albany. We had to wait on the platform for nearly half an hour while the car was rolled back out of the way and another one brought out of the yard."

"If the first sleeper had been old, this one was antique. It must have been one of the first of the Wagners to be put in service. It was smaller and had fewer berths than the other car, and as it hadn't been cleaned for some time it was very dirty. Every time we touched anything our hands were covered with dust. We stood around while the conductor tried to arrange for our accommodation, and as the berths were differently arranged this took some time. In the meantime the train had started again."

"The conductor was an amiable person and tried hard to hurry things as much as possible, which relieved the situation a great deal. In allotting space to us he came finally to an old gentleman who lived up in the country. 'I am very sorry,' he said to him, 'but I'll have to put you, sir, in the state-room. There are no more berths left.' It occurred to all simultaneously, I guess, that that meant an extra charge. 'Great Scott!' exclaimed the old gentleman, 'have I been yanked out of my sleep and put to all this discomfort to be compelled to pay double fare? Oh, of course not!' said the conductor. 'Inasmuch as it is our fault, we won't charge you extra fare.' The old man smiled broadly at that, for the idea of having a state-room all to himself was naturally agreeable, but when he came to find out later that the state-room included the washroom and was anything but pleasant to sleep in his smile became rather sickly. After awhile things were straightened out, but it was fully an hour from the time we left Albany before we had turned into our berths again."

"Naturally you would imagine that everybody would have been ill tempered after all this fuss, but the truth is I never saw a jollier lot of people in all my travels. Of course sleep was impossible for most of us after all this disturbance, so we kept up a running fire of conversation. Jokes were rattled off in a delightfully impromptu fashion, and everybody who had had any experience on sleeping cars recounted them to the edification of the others. Although we did not have any sleep, about every one who left the car the next morning wore a broad, good humored smile."

—New York Sun.

She Served as a Soldier.

The late Colonel Burnaby told of the discovery of a woman who served as a soldier in the ranks of the army of Don Carlos in 1874. She wore the uniform and lived and fought just as the other soldiers, but a priest in whose parish she had lived identified her. Don Carlos removed her to the nurses' quarters, but she begged to be sent back to the ranks. He laughed. "Not to the regiment of men, but when I form a battalion of women you shall be colonel."—London Truth.

### WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

**WANTED—A SECOND HAND** bicycle, must be cheap and on easy terms. Address "J. J." care TIMES. \$ 23 2t

**WILL TRADE 152 ACRES LAND** for Roanoke real estate. "S" TIMES office. \$ 23 1w

**BRIGHT YOUTH WANTED WHO** writes a good hand and can operate typewriting machine. State experience, salary and references. ACTIVE, Box 5, TIMES office. \$ 23 1t

**MRS. D. W. MEADOWS WILL RE-**ceive pupils in piano and guitar at home after August 27. For further information call or address 512 Campbell street s. w. \$ 23 1w

**WANTED—A BRIGHT INTELLI-**gent boy, 14 to 16 years of age. Apply in person to-day. THOMAS & BURNS, Clothiers. \$ 23 1t

**MRS. SAMUEL KINNIER WILL** resume her class in music September 1. For terms apply at her residence, 409 Campbell avenue s. w. \$ 23 to 9 t

**WANTED—By reliable party a good** house on easy payments in southwest section of city. Address with terms, &c., "MILES," TIMES office. \$ 15 1w

**WANTED—CITY SCRIP AT PAR,** in exchange for fire, life or accident insurance. J. F. WINGFIELD, 210 Commerce street. \$ 14 1w

**WANTED—TO PURCHASE A GOOD** house in Southwest Roanoke. Address "N. Y. Z.," care TIMES office. \$ 10 10t

**MISS WHITEHURST'S SCHOOL—**The sixth year begins September 10th, 1894. For terms apply 504 Campbell st. \$ 9 2aw 8t

**A T ROANOKE MATTRESS COM-**pany, 24 Church avenue s. w., hair mattresses to renovate also upholstery of all kinds neatly done. All orders promptly attended to at short notice. \$ 9 1w

**WE WANT A GOOD DRIVING** horse in exchange for iron fencing. Call or write. CUSHMAN IRON CO., TIMES building. \$ 9

**WANTED—A GOOD UPRIGHT** boiler, portable, about 7 horse power. Must be in good condition and cheap for cash. Address, L. C. TIMES office. \$ 9

**MONEY CAN BE SAVED BY PURCHAS-**ing railroad tickets from O'Molondro, Jefferson street. \$ 7 21m

**CASH PAID FOR CAST OFF CLOTH-**ing. Address 15 Salem avenue. \$ 1 1y

### WANTED—SITUATION.